

POLICE

MARCH No.88

COMICS

10¢

STILL 52 PAGES

Plastic Man
sees through
THE SEER!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HAVE FUN! GET LAUGHS AMAZE FRIENDS



So-Called ELECTRIC JOY BUZZER

Tickles and seems to shock them. The Joy Buzzer can be concealed in the palm of your hand after slipping a ring over one of your fingers. When you shake hands with anyone they touch off a mechanism that causes it to tickle, which to some seems like a shocking sensation. Only 69c. Order by No. 669.



JUMPING SNAKE

Open an innocent looking cold cream jar and a realistic green snake jumps in your face. Give one to your girl friend and watch her jump. Only 49c. Order No. 557.



SQUIRT RING

Sure fire joke to play on your friends! Mention your ring and as they look slowly—squirt streams of water in their face! So real, so innocent looking they never suspect. Only 69c. No. 609.

POCKET ADDING MACHINE

Amazing New Midget ADDING MACHINE FITS VEST POCKET

Adds, Divides, Subtracts, Multiplies—So Simple, So Easy to Use! Does work of higher priced adding machines. Durable handsome leatherette case. Send for MIDGET ADDING MACHINE.

On arrival, pay postman only \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. See address below. Order by No. 141.



GENUINE MILITARY Wrist Watch

Complete with Expansion Band

Only \$6.95

Here it is! The Wrist Watch Bargain of the year! Not \$15... not \$10... but NOW only \$6.95 each. But you'll have to hurry. The supply is limited at this amazing low price! Precision built, split second time-keeper. Also water-protected, shock absorber. Radiation marks and numerals and red second hand makes watch easy to read in the dark. Handsome non-corrosive stainless steel case. Order No. 396. Get Yours TODAY! Only \$6.95



COMB-A-TRIM

Something new! Trim your hair just like you comb your hair! Also removes hair from legs, arms, etc. Save on hair-cutters. Trim your own hair and family's too! Only 89c. Order by No. 334.



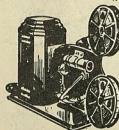
NOW BROADCAST IN YOUR HOME WITH THIS AMAZING RADIO "MIKE"

Sensational new invention attaches to your radio. Speak into Mike and your own voice comes through the speaker, as if you were broadcasting! Around your friends as you like. No one can tell the difference unless you give the joke away! Amazing "MIKE" looks just like a real microphone. Get one today! Just \$1.49. Order by number. No. 641.

16MM MOVIE PROJECTOR

Hand Operated

Show your own movies at home. Easy to use.



Safe. 100-foot film capacity. Uses regular home type electric light bulb. Wide choice film available. Only order coupon. Only \$7.95. No. 808.

PLATE LIFTER

Amazing device lifts and lowers dishes, etc. like magic. Fits secretly under tablecloth. May be controlled by anyone at table. Always good for a laugh. Only 69c. Order No. 723.



Amazing Mystery! SECRET MONEY BELT

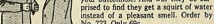
Item No. 706

An ideal place to hide bills, valuables and still carry them with you. Made of top quality, long-lasting fine leather. Be the life of the party! Tie flashes on and off from button hidden in pocket. Complete with bulbs, battery and cord. Only \$1.98. Order No. 721.



DRIBBLE GLASS

Make your drinking friends drink! Looks just like ordinary glass until tipped, water dribbles through slits in side! No one can detect it! Roaring laughs everytime! No. 582, just 49c.



SQUIRREL FLOWER

LOOKS REAL! Of course, all your friends will want to smell the pretty flower in your buttonhole. And will they be surprised to find they get a squirt of water instead of a pleasant smell. Order by No. 723. Only 69c.



REALISTIC IMITATION GIANT SPIDER

(Tarantula) Eeew! This large Tarantula Spider looks alive. Frightens men, women, and children. Large life-like size. Long spring legs make it vibrate realistically. Order now for the fright of your life. Only 69c. Order No. 414.

LEARN to DANCE

Why be a lonely, unpopular wallflower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modern to old favorites at home in private without teacher, music or partner. So easy even a child can learn quickly. This book should teach you in five days. See order coupon. Only \$1.00.



Now Play this New HARMONICA in 15 Minutes



You Can Now Get This Brand New Golden-Tone Harmonica PLUS Simplified Course of Instruction that Quickly Teaches You to Play Song Hits of Every Kind for only \$1.49.

If you can hum a tune you can learn to play. Not a toy, but a real musical instrument. Order No. 624.

Amazing MAGIC PENCIL

Get the right answer every time! Mistakes are impossible with this handy new invention! Divides up to 144, multiplies any primary number in a flash. Fits conveniently on pencil. Send no money—on arrival pay postman just 49c plus postage. Check No. 593 on coupon!

BARKING DOG

Scare the cat, have fun with the children! Sounds like a frisky dog barking. People hear him but can't find him. Fun! Pocket size. Order No. 746. Write Today! Only 69c



CRAZY MIRROR

Hilarious new novelty! Distorts face into amazing shapes! Gets more laughs than anything you've ever seen. Makes new friends, amuses old! Get one today. Just 29c. Check No. 564 on coupon below.

HOW TO ORDER

Simply state item desired and price and mail your order to HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. #31, 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. If cash comes with order, we pay postage; if C.O.D. postage is extra. If you only want a FREE CATALOG, write name and address on a penny postcard.

HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. #31	
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.	
Send me the items I have checked below:	
649 JOY BUZZER.....	59
141 MIDGET ADDING MACHINE.....	2.98
396 MILITARY WRIST WATCH.....	6.95
534 COMB-A-TRIM.....	89
641 RADIO MIKE.....	1.49
808 HAND OPERATED PROJECTOR.....	7.95
557 SNAKE IN COLD CREAM JAR.....	49
609 SQUIRT RING.....	69
720 PLATE LIFTER.....	69
706 SECRET MONEY BELT.....	2.49
117 LEARN TO DANCE.....	1.00
582 DRIBBLE GLASS.....	49
564 CRAZY MIRROR.....	29
721 ELECTRIC LIGHT BOW TIE.....	1.98
624 HARMONICA.....	1.49
593 MAGIC PENCIL.....	49
723 SQUIRREL FLOWER.....	69
414 IMITATION SPIDER.....	69
740 BARKING DOG.....	69

Due to labor conditions it is impossible to handle orders that total less than \$1.00—so please make certain your order amounts to at least \$1.00.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

USE THIS SPECIAL ORDER BLANK

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PLASTIC MAN

WHAT WILL TOMORROW BRING?

The SEER thought he knew... tomorrow meant triumph, criminal gain! But **PLASTIC MAN**, the strangest crime-fighter in fact or fantasy, was the **TODAY** of his **TOMORROW**!



POLICE COMICS

Yesss...the night of the 12th... the night of the big fight, when Plastic Man and Woody Winks...

I MUST LEAVE YOU, WOODY!
I'M CHECKING ON THAT RUMOR
THAT THE BUTTERNUT GANG'S IN
TOWN, TRYING TO FIX THIS
FIGHT!

WELL...I GOT
A PASS! I'M
GOING TO
WATCH THE
BATTLE!

BOXING
TONIGHT!

SOCK DYNAMITE
MCMAYHEM VS. DOBBS

PROMOTER
PRIVATE

TICKETS TICKETS

YOU'RE BETTIN' ON
MCMAYHEM TO WIN BY
A KNOCKOUT, HUH?
OKAY, ME FRIEND,
THE ODDS IS SIX
TO FIVE AGAINST!

PSST!
MISTER!
DON'T
BET
BEFORE...

TOO LATE,
CHUM! I'VE
ALREADY
PLACED MY
BET!

BUT DOBBS WILL
KNOCK OUT
MCMAYHEM IN
THE FIRST
ROUND!

DOBBS WIN?
RIDICULOUS!
THE EXPERTS
ALL PICK MCMAYHEM...
WAIT! MAYBE THE
BUTTERNUT GANG
DID FIX THE
FIGHT!

NO! THEY'LL BE
ARRESTED & OUT-
SIDE BEFORE
THEY CAN ENTER THE
PLACE!

DOBBS WILL
SCORE AN HONEST-
TO-GOODNESS UP-
SET! WAIT AND
SEE!

YOU SEEM TO HAVE
A LOT OF DOPE ON
THE FUTURE... MAYBE
YOU'RE A FORTUNE-
TELLER, OR...

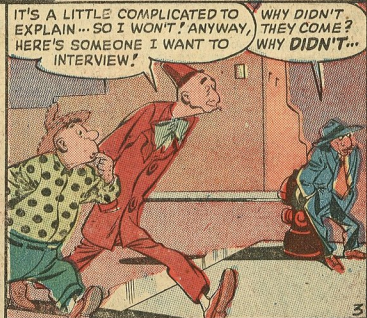
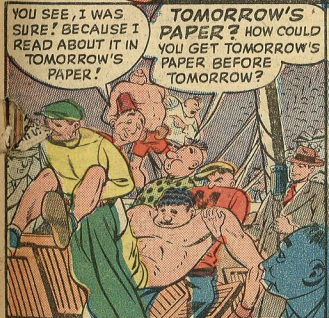
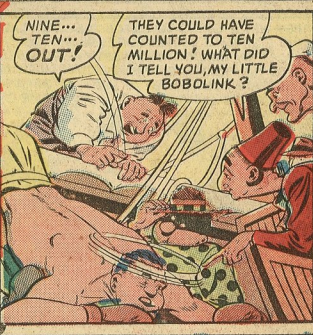
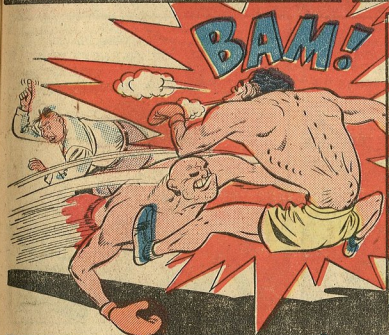
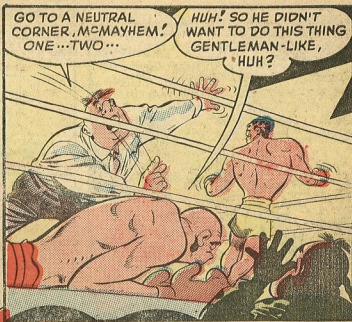
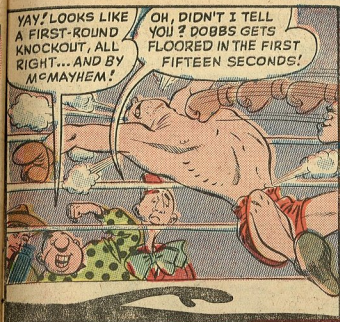
HOLD IT! THE
FIGHT'S ABOUT
TO BEGIN!

... AND IN THIS CORNER,
THE SENSATIONAL SOCK
MCMAYHEM, CHASER OF
CHAMPIONS! GO TO YOUR
CORNERS, BOYS, AND
COME OUT
FIGHTING!

D.DOBBS

MCMAYHEM,
I'LL... OOP!

RIGHT, DOBBS!
YOU'LL... OOP!



FINGERS IS THE NAME, ISN'T IT? AND YOU MAY CALL ME THE SEER! DON'T WAIT FOR YOUR FRIENDS!

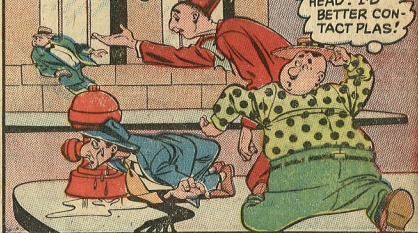
WHAT'S THE GIMMICK? WHO DO YOU FIGURE I'M WAITING FOR?



YOUR FRIENDS IN THE BUTTERNUT GANG OF COURSE! LISTEN! AH, IT'S HERE! THE PATROL WAGON THAT WILL TAKE THEM AWAY!

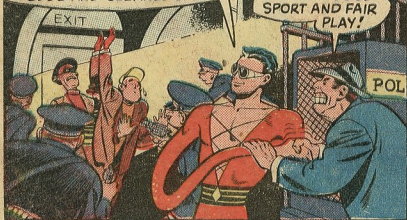
WOOOOOO!

THIS STUFF IS OVER MY HEAD! I'D BETTER CONTACT PLAS!



THEY WERE GOING TO CATCH THE TWO FIGHTERS IN THEIR DRESSING ROOM! BY THREATS THEY WOULD'VE FIXED THE FIGHT FOR A KNOCKOUT IN A CERTAIN ROUND, BET AT BIG ODDS AND CLEANED UP!

PLASTIC MAN, YOU'VE SCORED A VICTORY FOR LAW AND ORDER! I THANK YOU IN THE NAME OF GOOD SPORT AND FAIR PLAY!



WHAT'S UP NOW, WOOLZY?

I DON'T QUITE KNOW, PLAS! I SAT NEXT TO A GUY CALLED THE SEER...



HE KNEW WHO'D WIN... AND IN WHAT ROUND! LIKEWISE, ALL ABOUT THE ARREST OF THE BUTTERNUT GANG!

BUT THE FIGHT DIDN'T GET FIXED... AND NOBODY KNEW OF THE TRAP FOR THE BUTTERNUTS BUT THE CHIEF AND ME!



MAYBE SO, BUT THE SEER SAID HE'D SEEN EVERYTHING IN TOMORROW'S PAPER!

BUT HE COULDN'T... NOT UNTIL TO-MORROW!

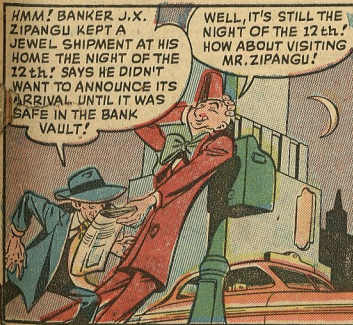
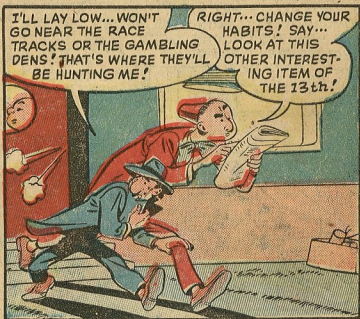
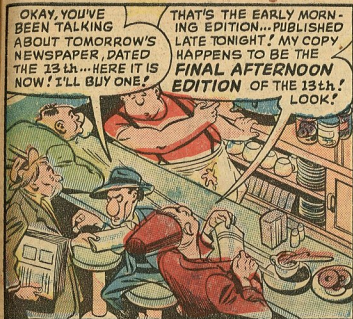


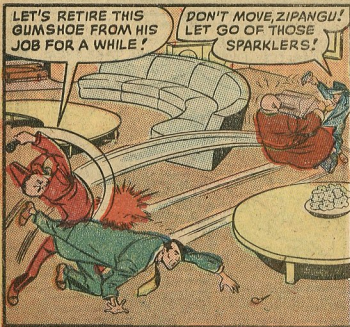
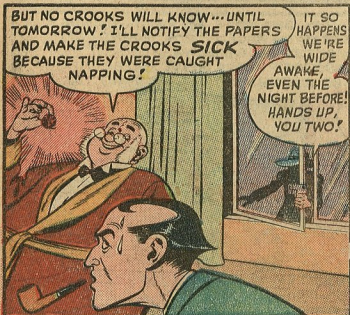
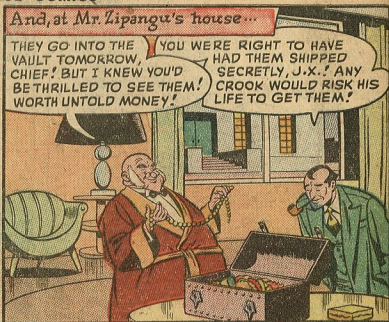
Meanwhile...

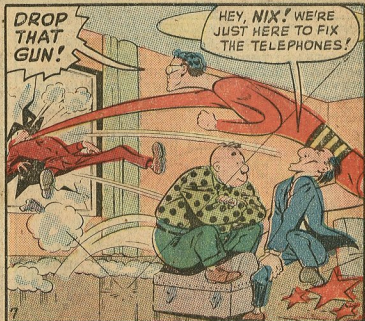
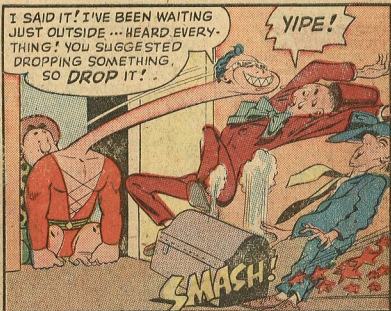
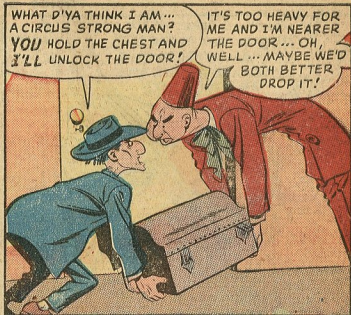
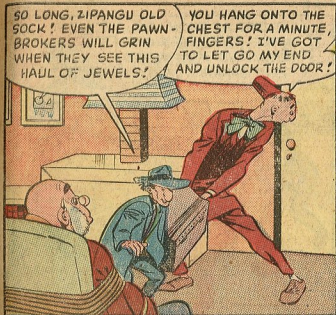
I ALSO PREDICT THAT THE BUTTERNUTS WILL RAT ON YOU WHEN THEY'RE QUESTIONED! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED THEM INTO TOWN TO DO THE JOB FOR YOU!

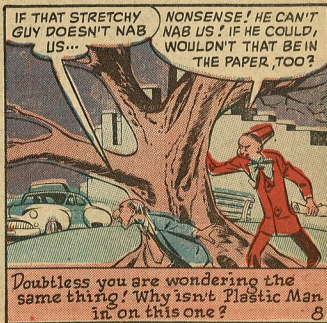
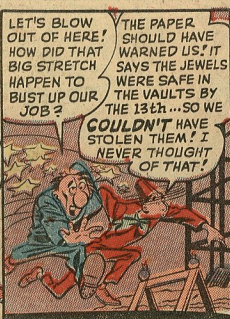
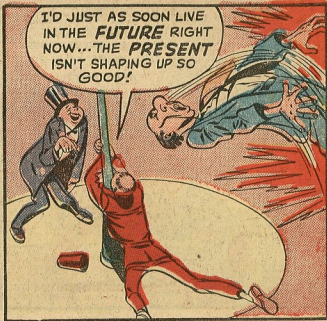
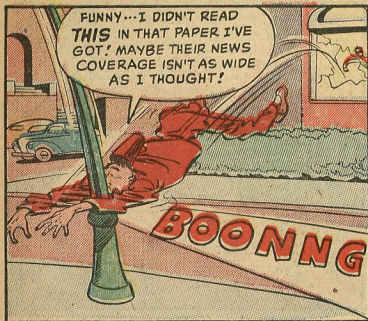
YEAH, GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW WHAT'LL I DO?







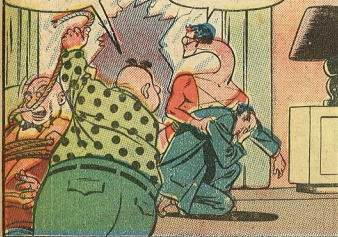




Well... here's the answer to the mystery...

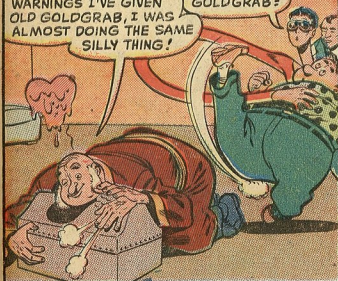
AIN'T YOU
GOING AFTER
THEM, PLAS?

THE CHIEF'S HURT! I CAN'T
LEAVE HIM UNTIL I FIND OUT
HOW BADLY!



AFTER ALL THE
WARNINGS I'VE GIVEN
OLD GOLDGRAB, I WAS
ALMOST DOING THE SAME
SILLY THING!

WHO'S
GOLDGRAB?



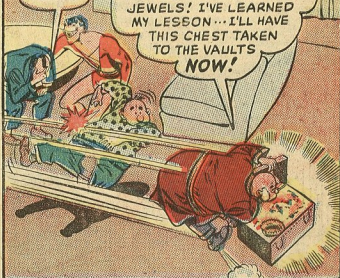
MY EXPERIENCE SHOULD
TEACH HIM HIS MONEY
WOULD BE SAFER IN
THE BANK!

RIGHT! I'LL LET YOU
HANDLE THE JOB,
PLASTIC MAN...ANY
WAY YOU WANT TO DO IT,
JUST SO LONG AS YOU BRING
GOLDGRAB TO
HIS SENSES!



I'M OKAY NOW,
PLAS!

AND THOSE SCOUNDRELS
DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH MY
JEWELS! I'VE LEARNED
MY LESSON... I'LL HAVE
THIS CHEST TAKEN
TO THE VAULTS
NOW!



HE'S A MISER...
DOESN'T TRUST MY
BANK... KEEPS HIS
SAVINGS IN A COFFEE
CAN IN HIS WOODSHED!

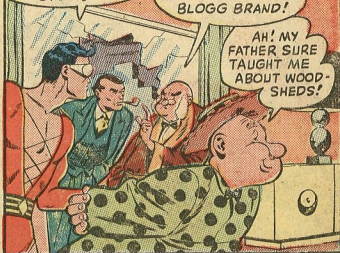
HE'S LUCKY HIS MONEY
HASN'T BEEN STOLEN!
WE SHOULD GIVE HIM
ONE LAST WARNING
... TONIGHT!

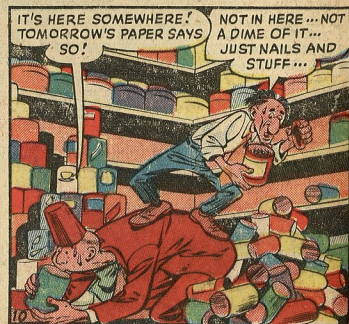
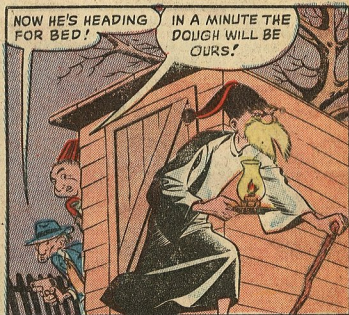
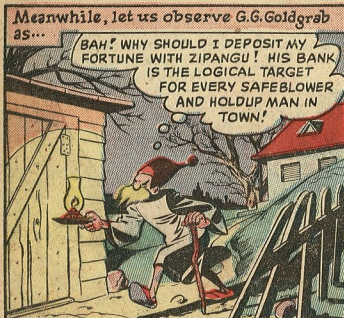


RIGHT! AND NOW,
MR. ZIPANGU, WHAT
ABOUT THAT WOOD-
SHED?

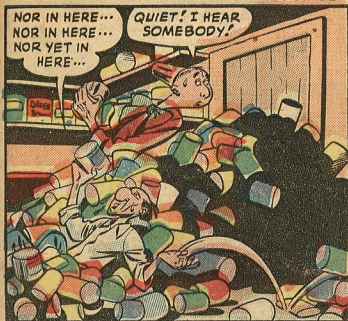
IT'S FULL OF COFFEE
CANS! BUT THE ONE
WITH THE MONEY IS THE
ONLY CAN MARKED
BLOGG BRAND!

AH! MY
FATHER SURE
TAUGHT ME
ABOUT WOOD-
SHEDS!





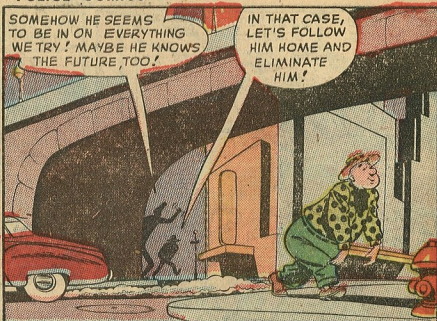
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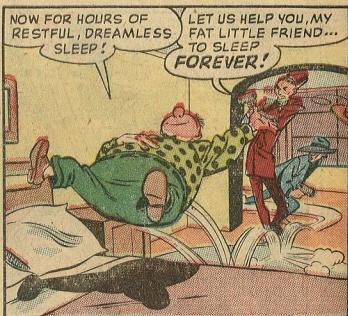
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AND I'M SICK OF LOOKING AT HIM... I'VE SEEN HIM TWICE BEFORE!



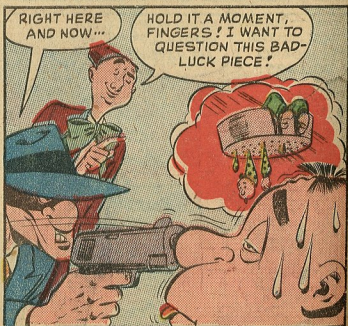
IN THAT CASE, LET'S FOLLOW HIM HOME AND ELIMINATE HIM!



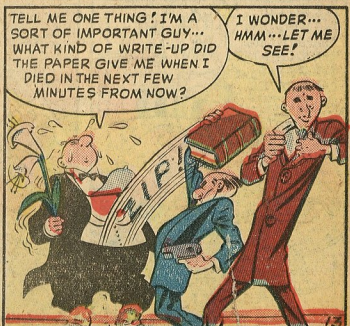
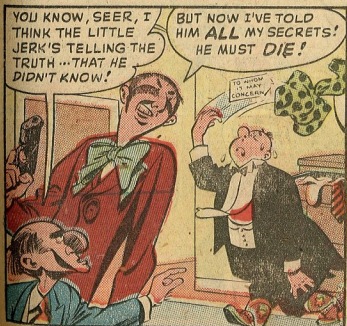
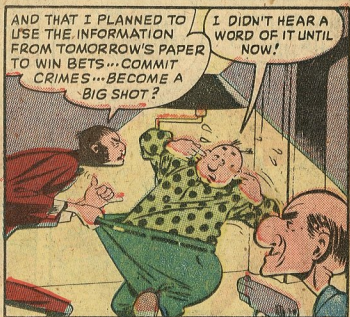
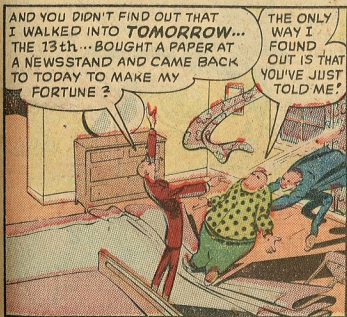
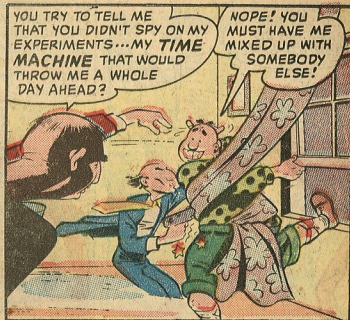
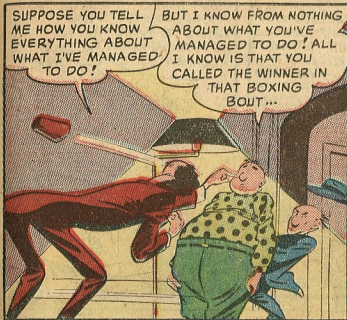
LET US HELP YOU, MY FAT LITTLE FRIEND... TO SLEEP FOREVER!



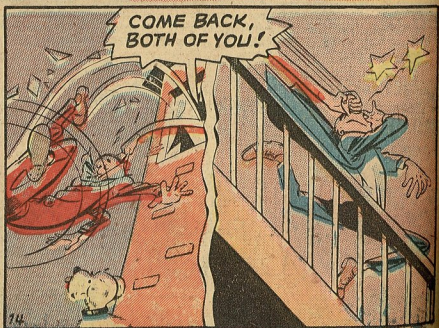
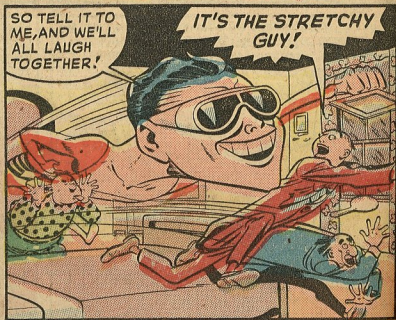
THAT'S JUST PRECISELY HOW THIS PISTOL WILL BARK!

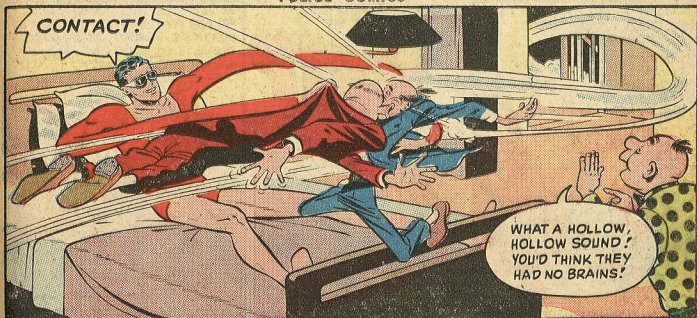


HOLD IT A MOMENT, FINGERS! I WANT TO QUESTION THIS BAD- LUCK PIECE!

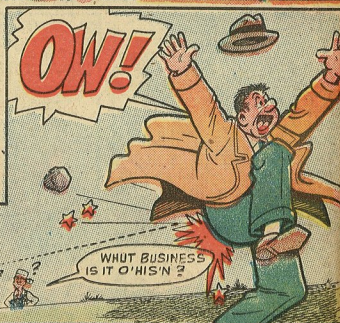


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Dewey Drip



Dewey Drip

WELL, THAR BE EPH JORKINS STILL TRYIN' TO RIDE THAT MULE O' HIS'N'!

HE CAN'T EVEN MOUNT TH' CRITTER, LET ALONE RIDE HIM!

SOME FOOLS WILL TRY TO RIDE ANY-THING!

OH, MAW, A STRANGER TO SEE YO'!

MADAM, THEY TOLD ME IN TOWN THAT YOU COULD INFORM ME OF THE WHEREABOUTS OF A GIANT CATFISH KNOWN AS 'OLD WHISKERS'!

SHO' NUFF!

FOLLY THE PATH STRAIGHT IN BACK O' YO' 'TIL YO' HIT THE CREEK, AND RIGHT BY THE BIG ROCK IS HIS HANGOUT!

AND WHEN YO' CATCH HIM, MAW KIN COOK HIM FO' YO'!

HO! HO! I DON'T INTEND TO EAT THE FISH...

DID YOU HEAR THET, SON?

I SHO' DID, AND WAIT'LL I PASS THE WORD AROUND!

WHEN I CATCH THAT FISH I'M GOING TO MOUNT IT!

Later...

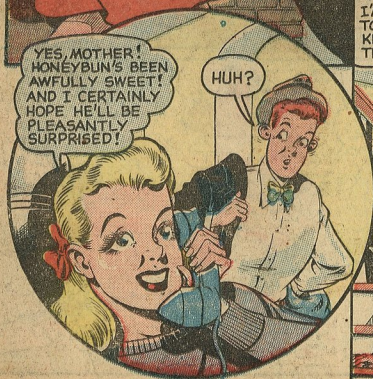
WHY DON'T YO' JUST JUMP IN, STRANGER?

YO' KIN MOUNT HIM BETTUH THET-A-WAY!

HURRY UP! WE-UNS WANT TO SEE YO' MOUNT THET FISH!



HONEYBUN



POLICE COMICS

WONDER WHAT SHE BOUGHT FOR ME? WELL...I'LL BUY HER SOMETHING REAL NICE! I'LL SOUND OUT MOTHER-IN-LAW ON JUST WHAT TO GET!



Soon... ..SO IF YOU WANT SOMETHING REAL NICE FOR MIGGS, I'D SUGGEST A HANDBAG AND GLOVES TO MATCH!



BUT HOW WOULD I KNOW WHAT KIND SHE'D REALLY LIKE?

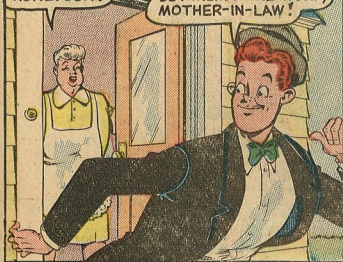
MIGGS AND I ARE LUNCHING DOWNTOWN TOMORROW! WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US, AND WE CAN WINDOW SHOR...

SWELL! MIGGS'LL SURELY ADMIRE SOME KIND OF BAG...THAT'LL GIVE ME JUST THE HINT I NEED!



I'M SURE SHE'LL BE VERY PLEASED, HONEYBUN!

AND I'M THE LITTLE MAN TO PLEASE HER! BUT MUM'S THE WORD, MOTHER-IN-LAW!



The Next Morning...

SEE YOU AT NOON, MIGGS! WE'LL HAVE A NICE LUNCH TOGETHER!

YOU'RE VERY THOUGHTFUL AND SWEET, HONEYBUN!



Later...

ANOTHER HOUR AND I'LL BE TAKING MIGGS TO LUNCH! WONDER WHAT HER SURPRISE FOR ME IS? ...HUH?

HONEYBUN! COME HERE! QUICK!



I WANT YOU TO TAKE MY NIECE LUELLA TO LUNCH, HONEYBUN! SHE'LL BE HERE PRETTY SOON!

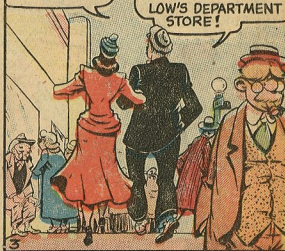
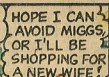
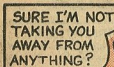
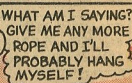
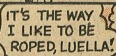
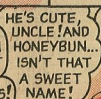
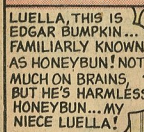
YES, MR. BARKIN...ER...HUH...OH, NO!



POLICE COMICS



A short time later...



POLICE COMICS

Meanwhile...

BEFORE WE EAT LUNCH, MOTHER, I'D LIKE TO LOOK AT SOME GLOVES AND HANDBAGS! CARLOW'S HAS SOME BEAUTIES!

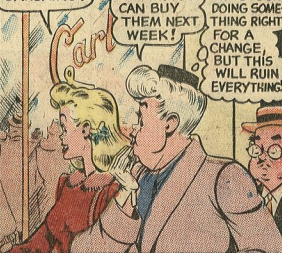
ER... SUPPOSE YOU WAIT A BIT BEFORE YOU BUY ANYTHING, DEAR! PRICES MAY GO DOWN IN A DAY OR TWO!



THEY'RE HAVING A SALE, MOTHER! SOME REAL BARGAINS!

WELL...ER... LET'S JUST LOOK AT THEM! YOU CAN BUY THEM NEXT WEEK!

I'D BE HAPPY TO SEE HONEYBUN DOING SOME THING RIGHT FOR A CHANGE, BUT THIS WILL RUIN EVERYTHING!



THE GLOVE AND BAG COUNTER IS STRAIGHT AHEAD, MOTHER! LET'S... HUH!



IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO BE MARRIED TO A THOUGHTFUL MAN LIKE YOU!

NICE OF YOU TO SAY THAT, LUELLA!

GLAD MIGGS ISN'T AROUND TO SEE THIS!



SO HE COULDN'T TAKE US TO LUNCH BECAUSE OF A BUSINESS DEAL... SOME DEAL!

I COULD EXPLAIN ABOUT THE BAG AND GLOVES! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL?



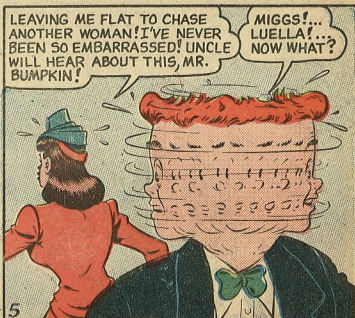
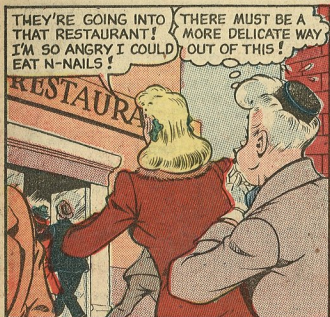
HUMPH! HE HAD THE MONEY TO BUY ~~HER~~ GLOVES AND A HANDBAG, BUT HE TOLD ME NOT TO BUY MINE UNTIL NEXT PAY DAY! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM, MOTHER...FOR THE PAY-OFF!



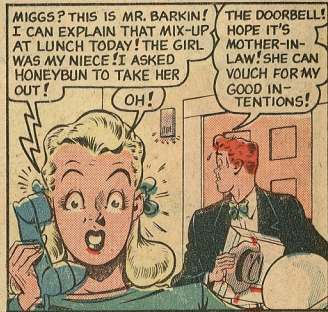
NOW FOR A NICE QUIET LUNCH, LUELLA!

WHEN MIGGS SEES THIS SWELL PRESENT, WON'T SHE BE SURPRISED!



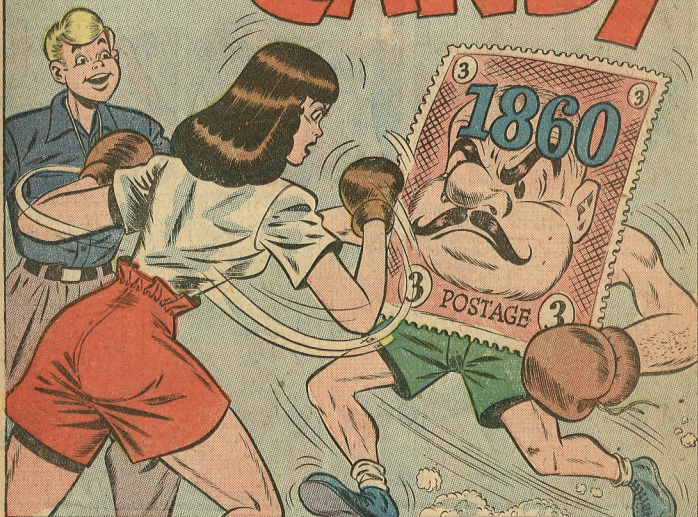


POLICE COMICS



DON'T WORRY,
CANDY! YOU'LL
LUCK THE
STAMP!

CANDY



BUT CANDY, THE
MAN WHO WRITES
THIS COLUMN
SAYS STAMP
COLLECTING IS
ONE OF THE MOST
POPULAR HOBBIES
IN THE COUNTRY!

I CAN'T
THINK OF
ANYTHING
MORE BOR-
ING THAN
COLLECT-
ING OLD,
BATTERED
STAMPS,
TED?

DIDJA EVER THINK
OF THE VALUE OF
OLD STAMPS...
OOPS!

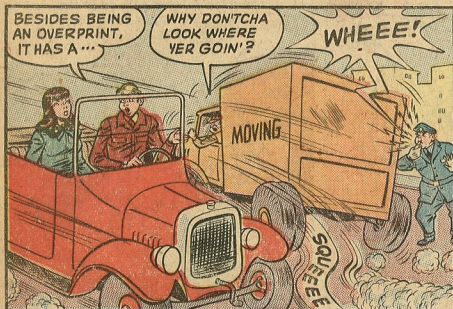
CREEPERS.
I'M SORRY,
HERBIE!

OKAY THIS TIME,
PALLY... BUT RE-
MEMBER THIS IS...
DUH... A SODA
EMPORIUM, NOT
A READIN' ROOM!

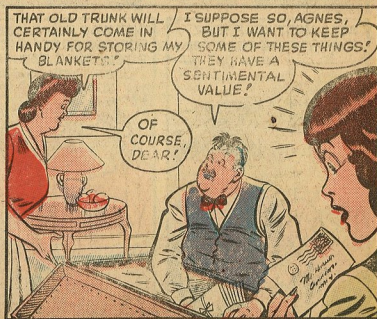
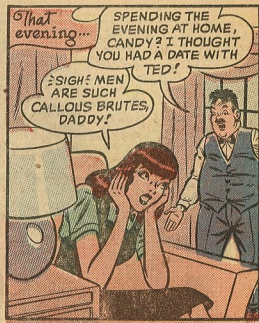
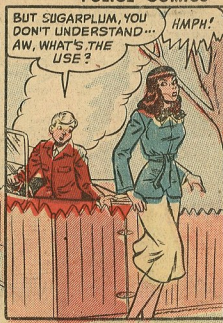
I'D BETTER
GET ON
HOME, TED!
AND NO
MORE DULL
CHATTER
ABOUT
STAMPS,
HUH?



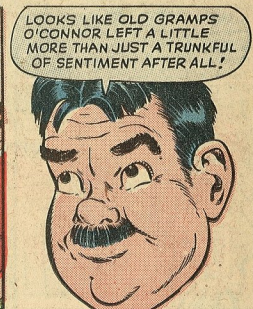
POLICE COMICS



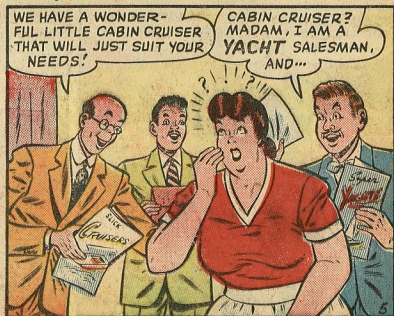
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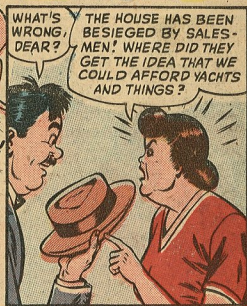
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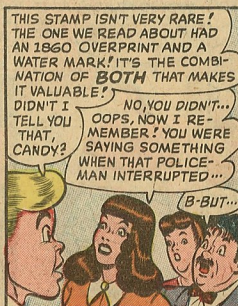
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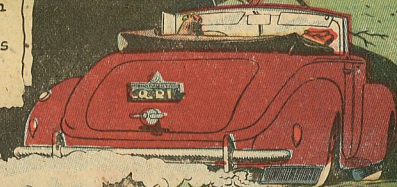
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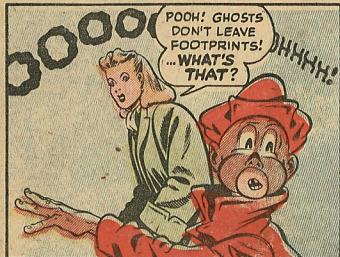


THE SPIRIT

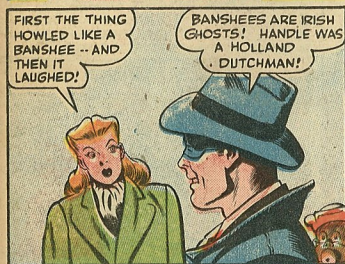
by
Will Eisner

HORROR and sheer terror
awaited those who ventured
upon the old Tenacre place!
... That is, until Ellen Dolan
decided to dabble in real
estate! RIGHT THEN things
began to happen.. and
FAST!





POLICE COMICS



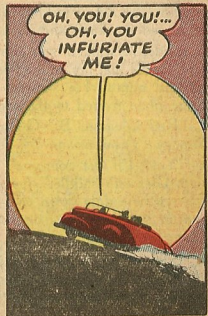
POLICE COMICS







POLICE COMICS





"BUT why should Ringo Jason want to kill Red Gleason, Plas?" Woozy asked, while the steer-roping contestants at the Bar-O-Bar rodeo were going through their paces.

"There's a clause in their partnership papers which leaves each partner's share of the ranch to the other in the event of death," Plastic Man explained. He paused to look over the arena. "We'd better stop talking and start figuring," he said. "After the steer-roping comes the bronco-busting. Both Red Gleason and Ringo Jason are entered in it. If Jason's going to make his play today, the bronco-busting event will be the time to make it."

"Why, Plas?" asked Woozy.

"Because it would be convenient for Jason if Gleason was to be killed by a wild bronco," replied Plastic Man. "Accidents," he added cryptically, "can be arranged."

Plastic Man turned away from the arena and headed down the passageway that led to the stables in the rear. "Come on, Woozy," he said. "I want to look over Gleason's gear before he draws his mount for the bronco event."

They passed through the stables and made a right turn. Before a door marked HARNESSESS ROOM, Plastic Man paused. Then he turned the knob and opened the door.

Inside, he walked over to a heavy, western-type saddle that lay on the floor. "Look here," he said grimly. He showed Woozy a small name plate riveted to the saddle-horn.

"Red Gleason. Bar-O-Bar Ranch," read Woozy. "You mean—"

"Yes! I'll bet someone's been tampering with Gleason's saddle," replied Plastic Man. He set the saddle down on a wide bench that ran the length of the room, and started to examine it carefully.

"Here it is," he said suddenly. He pointed to the cinch, a wide canvas strap that is passed under a horse's belly to hold the saddle securely in place.

Woozy saw the half-inch slit in the band. "Ouch!" he exclaimed. "It wouldn't take long for a bronco to break that."

"One good buck and the cinch would part like a rotted thread," agreed Plastic Man. "The saddle would slip off and Gleason would find himself under the slashing hooves of a kill-crazy horse."

"What's that you said?" asked a deep voice from behind them.

The duo turned to see Red Gleason standing in the doorway. Plastic Man explained the situation.

"The dirty killer!" exploded Gleason. "It takes the worst kind of skunk to cut the cinch on a man's saddle. Why doesn't Jason meet me with a gun, man-to-man! Then, at least I'd respect his manhood!"

After Gleason left the room, Plastic Man started to look over the other saddles.

"What are you looking for?" Woozy asked.

"Jason's saddle," replied Plastic Man. "Ah, here it is!" He lifted a light-brown saddle off its peg and laid it on the bench. "I want to make sure of something," he said.

Jason's saddle seemed to be in perfect condition. The leather was supple, well oiled, and had been rubbed to a soft finish. Plastic Man was about to return it to its peg, when he noticed a dark, fuzzy spot on the right stirrup strap. It didn't appear to be dirt, nor did it look like an oil spot. Plastic Man sniffed at it and found that it had a peculiarly sharp odor which tickled his nostrils with a sense of familiarity. But he couldn't quite place it. "Maybe a lacquer," he said to himself. He shrugged his shoulders and placed the saddle back on its peg.

"Come on, Woozy," he said, turning to the door. "Let's go out to the arena and watch the bronco-busting event."

"The first contestant in the bronco-busting event is Ringo Jason, of the Bar-O-Bar Ranch, riding—CYCLONE!" bellowed the an-

POLICE COMICS

nouncer soon after they reached the rail.

When the bell clanged, the starting gate sprang open and horse and rider catapulted into the arena. The crowd went wild.

Out there under the bright lights, Cyclone went mad. Ears back, lips drawn away from yellow teeth, the crazed bronco tried every trick he knew. He bucked and twisted. He sunfished. He reared full-length, then came down like a thunderbolt on stiff forelegs, but to no avail. It looked as if Ringo Jason was going to ride Cyclone to a finish. Then it happened!

Leather parted with the flat popping sound of a pistol shot and the right stirrup gave way. Jason clawed at his saddle-horn, missed and fell to the ground. Cyclone reared back on both hind legs, aimed his iron-hard fore-hoofs at the prostrate figure on the ground, and began his thunderbolt descent.

"Acid!" exclaimed Plastic Man suddenly. "That's what it was!"

His rubbery arm shot out twenty feet into the ring and grabbed Ringo Jason by his shirt collar. He pulled, and Jason's body slid out from under the descending hooves, just as they smashed onto the spot where his body had been.

Plastic Man pointed to the unconscious Jason. "Take care of him," he ordered a startled Woozy. "I've got an errand to do." He vanished down the passageway that led to the stables.

A few minutes later, Ringo Jason was revived. He opened his eyes and blinked at the circle of faces around him, including that of his partner, Red Gleason.

Gleason nodded at him curtly. "Sorry, Jason. I wouldn't wish an accident like that on a dog," he said evenly.

Gleason felt a tap on his shoulder and whirled to see Plastic Man standing there with a small glass bottle in his hand. Plastic Man held it up to him. "I found this among your effects," he said.

Gleason's face flushed. Stammering, "I . . . I . . ." he turned to run.

Plastic Man's hand shot out to collar him. "No, Gleason," said Plas, "you're not running from this. You're staying here to stand trial for attempted murder!" He smiled grimly. "I suspect this bottle of acid has your prints on it. That and the fact that acid was used to weaken the stirrup strap on Jason's saddle should count heavily against you." He turned to Woozy. "Call in the police," he said. "I want to get this skunk off my hands."

Later, after Gleason had been put under arrest, Woozy asked Plas a question.

"Why did Gleason bring us in on the case with that story of Jason's trying to kill him, when all the time it was the other way around?" he asked.

"We were supposed to act as his alibi," replied Plastic Man. "He applied the acid to Jason's stirrup strap and at the same time cut the cinch of his own saddle. He knew we'd discover it and blame it on Jason, and he figured that would distract our attention from Jason's saddle. Then if any suspicion fell on him from Jason's death, we'd be handy to front for him with the law. His trick was too obvious and obviously it's going to pay off with a long jail sentence!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U. S. C. 233)

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 25 West 15th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

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Publisher

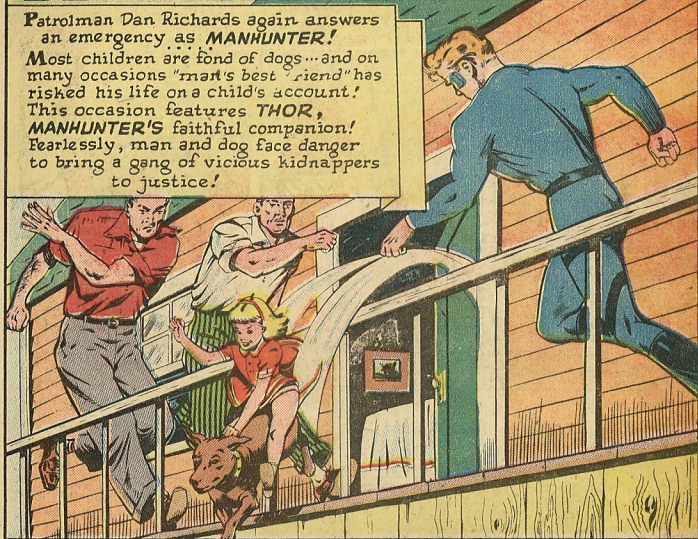
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1948

LOUIS J. KURLANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

MANHUNTER

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One sunny afternoon, while patrolman Dan Richards is on duty...



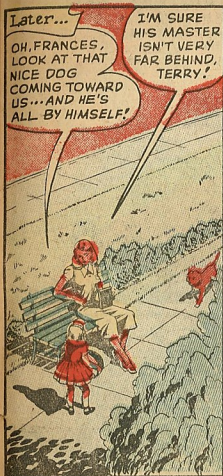
HMM...THERE'S N.W. CROMWELL'S LITTLE GIRL! I'LL BET HER FATHER WOULD RATHER BE HERE IN THE PARK WITH HER THAN WORKING AT HIS BANK!

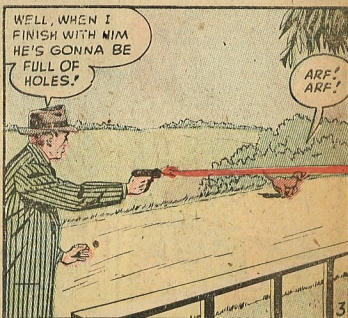
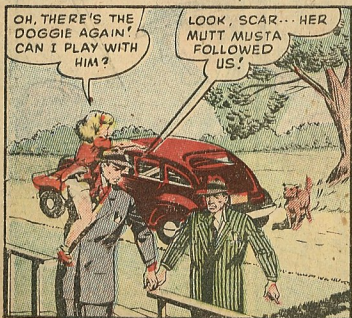
HELLO THERE, TERRY! HOW ARE YOU THIS AFTERNOON?



OH, FINE, THANK YOU, OFFICER! EXCEPT I WISH I HAD SOMEONE TO PLAY WITH BESIDES MY NURSE, FRANCES!

POLICE COMICS

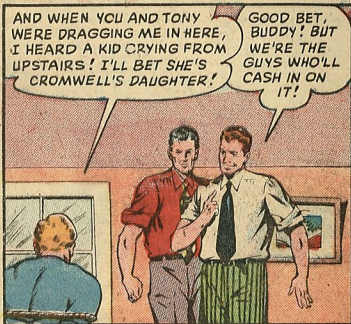


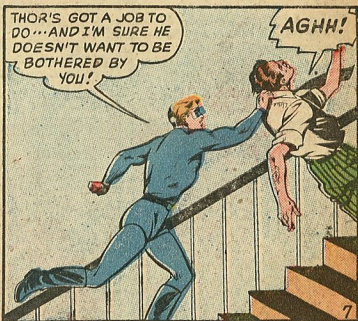
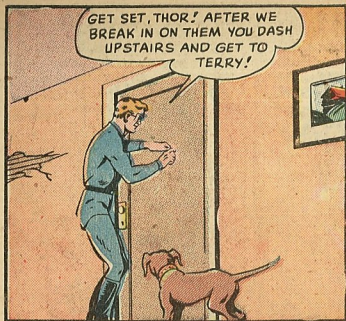




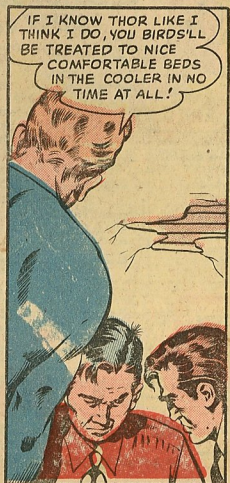
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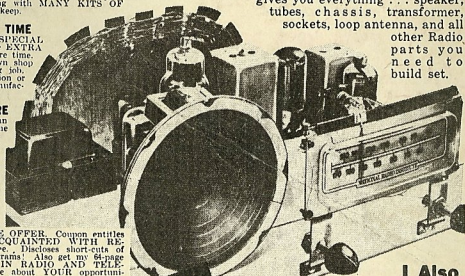


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And to think they used to call me

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**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

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Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

CHARLES ATLAS

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**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-Q
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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
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